THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE,

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE is an "evil under the sun," which insinuates itself in so many different shapes that it is difficult to fix on any given point of attack: its true name is affectation, but there is so much of it to be met with, from the military hero down to those in the humblest stations, that we are obliged to shoot at random, or we wound an individual.

I must confess that species of it is more to my taste, which tends to enliven the spirits, rather than the phlegmatic kind, which discharges a volley of spleen or calumny at every breath. For my part instead of deploring the vicissitudes of life, and querulously wearying my friends with complaints real or imaginary, while they sit listening with "sad civility," I endeavour to reconcile every event to the general justice of providence; and believe, or affect to believe, (for affectation attends us all) that I may be partaking of as many of the good things of this world as fairly fall to my share. If, like Miss Danae, I have never been blessed with a golden shower, nor ever yet could reach the glittering shores of Pactolus, yet I never trouble those about me with useless regrets, but endeavour to make them comfortable at least, with the little I have at command; it keeps us in unaffected good humour with each other, while we are together, and it is our own fault if we do not part full as well pleased as we met. But most of these querulous gentlemen have their full proportion of pride as well as affectation, and do not wish to be taken exactly in the literal sense; for with all the misfortunes they bewail, there is generally one comfort kept in reserve—they tell you their case is not quite so bad as some others: and here I will acquit them of all affectation, for they really indulge the idea, as a consoling comparison between their situation and your own. This is a species of affectation far less tolerable than that which proceeds from the phantastic brain of folly; the one is harmless and we may reap some amusement from it, but all we receive from the other in return for our patience, is the reflection of having tacitly submitted to the vanity of their opinion at our own expence.

To attempt a description of the versatile appearances this unnatural texture of the mind assumes would require the happy facility of delineating the various avocations of life. Harley, the *Statesman*, affected to be a judge of *Homer*, and yet received the very same lines with approbation from the translator, when read to him a second time, which he had pronounced before to be foreign from the sense of the original. The author of the Mourning Bride affectedly requested Voltaire, when he was in England, to visit him as a *private gentleman*, not as *an author*: the Frenchman freely told him, if he had been no more than a private gentleman he should not have visited him at all. It is thus that affectation leads us out of the sphere in which we are most estimable, and makes us assume an uninviting appearance, foreign to our nature: It may be carried to such an extreme, and resemble Hypocrisy so much, that scarcely a discriminating point of difference shall be last discernable. Though hypocrisy is by far the most dangerous of the two, as it treacherously counterfeits the best qualities of the heart, to impose more securely on confiding virtue, while the other merely aims to attract admiration by dazzling the understanding with borrowed lights, yet both assume a fictitious character, and are governed by deceptive motives. In the practice of affectation we disfigure the face of nature, and make ourselves ridiculous; when, with much less trouble and ingenuity, we might appear respectable. How frequently have we seen the mere man of business, furnish the laugh at a fashionable assembly, unconcious that it was excited by his awkward attempts in affecting to shew there? But the illusion would immediately cease, if he could at the same moment conceive what his own sensations would be, were a man of fashion to interfere in the regular routine of his business. The indulgence of this unfortunate propensity makes us disgusted with every object we survey, and generally unreceptible where we visit. It robs affability of all its graces, and throws a restraint on our social pleasures. The sportive playfulness of humor is put into unnatural trammels, and the social qualities of the heart are chilled at the appearance of a phantom.

A. B.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

The following very interesting anecdote respecting this great monarch, and truly patriotic hero, is related by Mr. Kerr Porter, who has added to his high reputation as an artist by a considerable display of literary merit, in a very intelligent and amusing work, which does honor to his talents and character. The author, who with laudable enthusiasm visited the spot in Delecarlia, where that great monarch sought a refuge from the Danish Usurper, obtained the subjoined narrative, and the tradition is so exact, and derived from such respectable sources, as to admit of no doubt of its authenticity.—After describing the place in general he says.——

"On a little hill just mentioned, stood a very antient habitation; of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility.

It consisted of a long barn-like structure formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood: But the spot was hollowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to: and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

"Gustavus having by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines and after having been narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman named Pearson or Peterson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat—Pearson received him with every mark of friendship, nay treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortune of Gustavus, than the prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms he offered unasked to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example and turn out under the command of his beloved General.

"Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man that was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavoured by the most impressive arguments and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity: he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants, whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any one while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design into execution.

"It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrance his honor to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution he went straight to one of Christierns' officers, commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim, and telling the Dane how to surprise the Prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of his trea-

ſure. "It will be an eaſy matter," ſaid he, "for not even my wife knows that it is Guſtavus."

Accordingly the officer at the head of a party of well armed ſoldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men inveſted the houſe, while the leader abruptly entering, found Pearſon's wife, according to the faſhion of thoſe days, employed in culinary preparations. At ſome diſtance from her ſat a young man in a ruſtic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branches of a tree.—The officer went up to her, and told her he came in king Chriſtiern's name to demand the rebel Guſtavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntleſs woman never changed colour; ſhe immediately gueſſed the man, who her huſband had introduced as a minor's ſon, to be the Swediſh hero. The door was blocked up by ſoldiers. In an inſtant ſhe replied, without once glancing at Guſtavus, who ſat motionleſs with ſurpriſe, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my huſband has had here theſe few days, he has juſt walked out into the wood on the other ſide of the hill. Some of thoſe ſoldiers may readily ſeize him as he has no arms with him.

"The officer did not ſuſpect the eaſy ſimplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in queſt of him. At that moment ſuddenly turning her eyes on Guſtavus, ſhe flew up to him and catched the ſtick out of his hand, exclaiming, in an angry voice, unmannerly wretch! What ſit you before your betters?—Dont you ſee the king's officers in the room? Get you out of my ſight, or ſome of them ſhall give you a drubbing! As ſhe ſpoke ſhe ſtruck him on the head with all her ſtrength; and opening a ſide door, there get into the ſcullery, cried ſhe, it is the fitteſt place for ſuch company! and giving him another knock, ſhe flung the ſtick after him and ſhut the door.—Sure, added ſhe, in a great heat, never was woman ſo plagued with ſuch a clout of a ſervant.

The officer begged ſhe would not diſturb herſelf on his account; but ſhe affected great reverence for the king, and reſpect for his repreſentative, prayed him to enter her parlour while ſhe brought ſome refreſhment. The Dane civily complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the ſide of a ſhrew: and ſhe immediately hattened to Guſtavus, whom ſhe had boulted in, and by means of a back paſſage conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the ſide of the houſe cloſe to the bank of the lake where the fiſher's boat lay, ſhe lowered him down the convenient aperture in the ſeat and giving him directions to an honeſt curate acroſs the lake, committed him to Providence.

Natural History.

Additions to the Natural History of certain Animals.

BEARS.

A FRENCH literary gentleman, a member of the legiſlature, a few years ago ſpent ſome months in travelling among the Pyrenean mountains.

He gives the following account of the information he received from one of the mountaineers, whoſe habitation was near the Spaniſh frontiers:

"I was ſeated near our hoſt. His ingenouſneſs, his good ſenſe, his natural ſtrength of mind, ſuperior to all rules of art, charmed us greatly, and we contracted our circle that we might loſe none of his tales; for we love them at all ages, ſo much that we even tell them to ourſelves, and we frequently indulge in waking dreams.

Omne
Humanum genus eſt avidum nimis auriclarum.

LUCRET. LIB. iv. v. 598.

Our attention animated him, eſpecially when he was giving us the hiſtory of ſorcerers. It may be permitted to believe in them, in an abode where every thing appears to be ſupernatural; where Spaniſh ſuperſtition, deſcended from the neighbouring mountains, never ceaſes to renew its fatal impreſſions.

From ſorcerers he turned to bears, his terrible countrymen, as he called them, but a good ſort of people enough when they are not moleſted.

"Look," ſays he, "it was in the middle of that peak, as ſtraight as a taper, and which you may perceive above the church. Well, it will ſoon be forty years that I went thither as uſual, compleately armed. I was at that time gay, contented, and above all very reſolute. Not a yzard,* no wolf, no bear; in a word, nothing. Says I to myſelf this muſt be another time; I had better go home. When, on turning a corner, I ſuddenly found myſelf noſe to noſe oppoſite to an enormous bear, much larger than myſelf. The fellow, how he looked! And his fine ſkin! I ſtill regret it. Notwithſtanding my ſurpriſe, and my poſition, for we were on a cornice, (this is a ledge four or five feet broad, cut out of the ſlope of a mountain; ſo that on one ſide is an almoſt perpendicular rock, and on the other an unfathomable abyſs,) I ſhould have come off well if he had been alone. He was followed by his female, and two young ones, who trotted already very prettily. I prayed to our Lady for ſuccour! and then, hiding my gun, in order not to ſcare them, I ſtood ſtill with my back flat againſt the rock, to give them room to paſs. The great bear, who was eating me up with his eyes, whilſt I durſt not even look at him, inſtead of turning back, came and planted himſelf on my right, and his female clapt herſelf on my left, and a fine pair of guardians I had! In the mean time the two little ones paſſed by, and the two bears followed them; but looking ſullenly behind them till they loſt ſight of me. It is enough for me to ſay I eſcaped with the fright. Paſt evil is only a dream."

This tacit pact between man and brute, in ſuch a ſituation, appeared very ſingular and remarkable to us all. One of the company aſſerted that the ſudden apprehenſion of any calamity, is the greateſt mediator which nature has given us to terminate our diſſentions. I maintain, added he, that fear and misfortune always ſoften the moſt ferocious beings, and that on the contrary, happy people, who are too much ſo, are not to be approached nearer than we ſhould Mount Veſuvius or Mount Etna in flames.

The old man then reſumed his diſcourſe, as follows: "You are to know how thoſe who hunt bears, manage the matter; for a gun ſhot is of very little conſequence. The champion who undertakes this ſort of combat, is provided with a long poniard, and covers his breaſt and back with three ſheepſkins, one over the other, and the thick woolly ſide outwards. When he has found the bear, and is ſtruggling with it, whilſt it ſqueezes him with its fore paws, tries to ſmother him, and tear him to pieces with its claws, he, with his left arm begins with fixing its head cloſe to his ſhoulders, to avoid being devoured, then, with his other hand he plunges his poinard into the loins of the beaſt, which vainly howls and roars, not being able to bite, and ſtabs it, till it falls at his feet with loſs of blood, or conquered by pain.

"Now, hearken, I ſhall tell you about the Hercules of the Pyrenees, whom I ſhall call Michael. He had a ſon who began to beat about theſe mountains, and who had already killed wolves, and brought home yzards. He longed to bring home a bear, but he durſt not attempt it alone.

"Having diſcovered the den of one of thoſe powerful animals, he ran to acquaint his father of it. Michael had killed above a hundred bears in ſingle combat, but as he was grown old he no longer went out alone to the hunt. His ſon offers to be his ſecond. "I conſent; thou knoweſt upon what condition. Thou mayeſt rely upon me, art thou quite ſure of thyſelf?" 'You ſhall ſee, father.' They ſet out, the ſon armed with a poinard, the father with nothing but his boldneſs and the recollection of his former triumps.

"He ſees a bear coming towards him, walking upright on his hinder paws, as all theſe animals do when they encounter a man. He ruſhes on it, as if he was only thirty years old. He ſeizes the bear in his arms, which graſp is returned. His ſon, inſtead of ſtriking, runs away: And the rocks did not cruſh him! and the abyſſes did not ſwallow him!

"Poor Michael? what can he do? what will become of him? No leſs robuſt, and more determined than his adverſary, our Hercules, from pull to pull, and all the while going backwards, draws it to the edge of a neighbouring precipice. The terrified bear lets loſe its prey, ſtruggled and eſcapes, and Michael falls into the abyſs. He was found, and carried home with bruiſed and broken limbs, but ſtill living.

* A ſpecies of chamois; it avoids the ſun-ſhine, and only delights in the midſt of ſnow and ice. When young it is fond of man, careſſes him, and follows him about like a dog.

"And your ſon, what is become of him? The coward! You will never ſee him till after my death.' Indeed he never was ſeen till after that period; no one ſpoke to him, looked at him, nor took the leaſt notice of him. He quitted the country, and was never more heard of."†

In 1799 a little book was publiſhed in Paris, entitled, "*Sentimental Journey in Switzerland*," by C. Hwaſs, jun. The author being in the houſe of a peaſant, remarked a bear's ſkin of a prodigious ſize. "I took hold of a gun which appeared to me to be better made than any of the others which were diſplayed." "That," ſaid my old hoſt, "was the gun of my ſon. He was killed by the bear whoſe ſkin you have juſt now noticed. He had mortally wounded the bear, but the furious beaſt had ſtill ſtrength enough left to ruſh on him and ſuffocate him. I found them both dead, lying next to each other."

† A certain Cantaret, after having ſlain Antiochus in combat, ſeized his horſe and vaults on it. The courſer immediately runs off with him, and leaps into an abyſs, where both periſhed.

Plin. lib. i. *cap.* 42.

HOSPITALITY.

THE firſt duty of man has been too often dangerous to thoſe by whom it has been exerciſed. Hoſpitality, during the proſcriptions of Marius and Sylla, was converted into a crime againſt the ſtate. Few were the men who had courage to raiſe themſelves againſt tyranny in thoſe inſtances; but in that time, as well as in ours, many women diſplayed a courage ſuperior to all hazard. Compaſſion, that ſentiment which draws the ſoul towards the unfortunate, was in truth always the ſuperior privilege of woman. Their conſtitutions and habits naturally diſpoſe their minds to ſoftneſs and pity; ſufferings revolt their delicate ſenſes; the ſight of miſery afflicts their minds more profoundly than their own proper evils: and therefore it is, that they are more prompt to relieve, and poſſeſs more of that ſenſibility which acts before it reaſons, and has always performed the office of kindneſs, while man ſtill deliberates.

When the chiefs of the Gironde party were fugitives in the ſouth of France, and every where ſought that aſylum which was too often denied them by ſelf-love and cowardice, Guadet found a place of ſuccour and ſafety in the houſe of one of his female relations, whoſe name was Bouquet, not only for himſelf but for his friend Salles. The news of this unexpected relief being carried to three companions of thoſe proſcribed Deputies, they determined to beg this courageous woman to permit them to ſhare in the retreat of their friends. A faithful meſſenger was found, and returned in a few hours with the anſwer: "Let them come!" ſaid ſhe. She only recommended to them not to approach the houſe till midnight, and to take every poſſible precaution not to be perceived by any one. Their ſafety in her houſe, which was what occupied her thoughts, depended greatly on theſe preliminary conditions.

They arrived at midnight. They found their friends lodged thirty feet under ground, in a large vault, whoſe entrance was ſo perfectly maſked, that it was impoſſible for a perſon ignorant of the circumſtance to percieve it.

However ſpacious this cellar was, the continual reſidence of five men corrupted the air, which could not be renewed but with great difficulty. Madam Bouquet contrived in another part of the houſe, a ſecond aſylum more healthy, and almoſt as ſecure.

A few days after that, Buzot and Petion informed them by letter, that having within fifteen days, ſeven times changed their place of retreat they were now reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs.

"Let them both come!", exclaimed this extraordinary woman.

All this time no one day paſſed in which ſhe was not menanced with a domiciliary viſit; and no one day paſſed in which the guillotine did not lay ſome head in the duſt. Too generous not to ſuſpected, Madame Bouquet each day heard the ſatellites of tyranny ſwear, as they paſſed her habitation, that they would burn alive in their own houſes, all who gave ſhelter to the proſcribed Deputies.

"Well!" ſaid ſhe; "Let thoſe inquiſitors come! I am contented, provided you do not take upon yourſelves to receive them: all that I fear is, that they will arreſt me; and then—what will become of you?"

Petion and Buzot arrived, and then there were ſeven of them. The difficulty to provide for them was great; proviſions were extremely ſcarce in the department. Madame Bouquet's houſe was allowed by the Municipality only one pound of bread per day; but fortunately, ſhe had a ſtock of potatoes and dried kidney-beans. To ſave breakfaſt, it was agreed, that her gueſts ſhould not riſe till noon. Vegetable ſoup was their whole dinner. After the day had cloſed, the Deputies ſilently and cautiouſly left their retreat, and aſſembled round their benefactreſs. She was in the midſt of them as a mother among her children, for whom ſhe devotes her life. Sometimes a morſel of beef, procured with great difficulty, an egg or two, ſome vegetables and a little milk, formed the ſupper, of which the hoſteſs eat but little, however entreated, the better to ſupport her gueſts.

A month ſtole away in this peaceful ſecurity, with which was mingled the ſoft enjoyment of generous affection and grateful friendſhip; when the Deputies had unuſual reaſon to fear for the ſafety of their benefactreſs. They forcibly expreſſed to her their apprehenſions.

"Have I not lived ſufficiently long," replied this admirable woman, "having given you ſhelter? and is not death all that is to be deſired when one has done all the good poſſible?"

One of the generous circumſtances, which adds infinite value to this extraord nary event, was, that Madame Bouquet carefully concealed as long as ſhe could from her gueſts, the uneaſineſs which ſecretly conſumed her, occaſioned by one of her relations, formerly the intimate friend of Guadet. This man having learnt what paſſed in Madame Bouquet's houſe, put in action every means his mind could ſuggeſt, compoſed of lies and artifices, the fruits of a puſillanimous temper and a miſerable ſelf-love, to induce her to baniſh the fugitives from her houſe. Every day he came to her with ſtories one more terrible than another. Sometimes he declared, that he felt himſelf bound to denounce traitors put out of the ſanction of the law; and then he would affect ſtrong remonſtrances in behalf of a family endangered by her imprudent conduct. He ſometimes acted as if his mind was diſordered by the terrors that on her account he indulged in: and, at length, fearing that he would take ſome ſudden and deſperate meaſure, endangering the lives of the Deputies, ſhe felt it juſtice to them to lay her ſituation before them. Her voice was almoſt ſtifled with grief as ſhe ſpoke to them.

There was but one courſe for the Deputies to take: they reſolved to quit an aſylum which had been ſo happy to them; and the moment of their ſeperation, ſo mournful to all, and ſo fatal and eternal to moſt of them, was fixed for the following night.

Sad effects of civil diſſention! Exemplary virtue paſſes for a crime; and, inſtead of an alter reared to their glory, thoſe whom it actuates are ſent to the ſcaffold!

Suſpected of having afforded an aſylum to the fugitive Deputies, it was not long before Madame Bouquet was arreſted, together with the whole family of the Guadet. It is well known with what tenderneſs and ingenuity the father of that Deputy ſought to ſave his ſon, who, with his friend Salles, had taken refuge under his roof. Carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Bourdeaux, his judges were too prudent to queſtion this venerable man concerning the concealment of his ſon: even they dreaded the touching voice of nature, and the indignation of virtue. He was ſimply aſked, why he had given an aſylum to Salles: to which the old man anſwered by claſping his hands and raiſing them to heaven.

Witneſs of this afflicting ſcene, Madame Bouquet, as vehement in her indignation, as ſhe had been impaſſioned in her protection of the Deputies, had not power to liſten in ſilence to ſuch an interrogatory.

"Yes, monſters!" ſhe cried, "Beaſts of prey, fed with human blood! If humanity, if family affection, are crimes, we all merit death." Throwing herſelf into the arms of the elder Guadet, ſhe ſhed a plentiful ſhower of tears. "We have now only to die" ſhe added, preſſing the old man to her boſom.

This picture, already too intereſting to the audience for the wiſhes of the Tribunal, haſtily cloſed the trial. When ſentence of death was pronounced, Madame Bouquet ſprang over the fence which ſeparated her from the Preſident of the Tribunal, with an intent to ſeize and deſtroy him, in which, however, ſhe was defeated by the attendants. When the executioner was about to cut off her hair, ſhe cleared herſelf of his hands, and additional force was employed to her. But this frenzy of indignation was ſoon calmed by old Guadet, who, folding her in his arms, brought a flood of tears into her eyes, which relieved her oppreſſed heart.

Thus fell this admirable woman, whoſe magnanimity does as much honor to human nature, as her execution diſgraces the ſyſtem under which ſhe died!

Scientific Lectures.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Permit me, before I enter upon this important ſubject, to recall to your mind a rule written by Ariſtotle, and which I have already mentioned to you. It is that we ought not to form a decided opinion upon any point from the authority of one ſingle ſign, but the union of ſeveral. Thus, ſhould the complexion and conformation of the face not agree together, to give any judgement would be a raſh and improper act. There are, however, ſome peculiar caſes which, even according to Ariſtotle's doctrine, are not ſubjected to the ſame general rule, thus one ſign may ſometimes be ſo expreſſive as to equal the value of two or three; it may alſo prove ſufficient to thoſe who wiſh to obtain a ſuperficial knowledge only, but it ought never to be choſen for the baſis of a ſettled opinion.—Sunken eyes always indicate ſome degree of wit, or at leaſt of fire, which might have been improved into wit; and you will find that a florid complexion expreſſes a better temper than a pale and livid hue. Cæſar gave a ſtrong inſtance of his knowledge in phyſiognomy, when he anſwered his friend, who adviſed him to miſtruſt Anthony and Dolabella, "I do not fear thoſe fair and florid complexioned men, but thoſe meagre and pale viſages," pointing at Brutus and Caſſius.

The next important rule, is that which teaches you to diſtinguiſh the *accidental* phyſiognomy of a man from that with which nature has endowed him; for a viſible difference exiſts between them. That uſual ſtate of the features, which I call *permanent* phyſiognomy, is often altered by an unforeſeen accident, which produces a new character of phyſiognomy, which, as I told you before, I will ſtyle accidental.

I can ſcarcely refrain from laughing, when I read in the works of ignorant people, the pitiful reaſonings of which they make uſe, to affix a meaning to the large or ſmall ſize of the head, the length or ſhortneſs of the noſe, the fat or meagre ſtate of the body. They grant to all theſe ſigns nearly the ſame ſignification, with the hope of ſurpriſing us by their number, if the proofs they attempt to bring forward be found too weak to convince us. It happens ſometimes, that s they repeat the ſame ſtories to every being who longs to have his phyſiognomy explored, they may meet with truth, but they are not in general to be truſted upon. The moſt apparently perfect ſymmetry of the ſhape, the moſt regular proportions, are not always the heralds of an excellent diſpoſition. How many pleaſing tempers do we not often deſcry beneath a rugged exterior? We are not therefore to judge of the ſuperior qualities of the mind from the beauty or uglineſs of its manſion of clay.

The complexion of a face and conformation of the features, are the moſt ſolid foundations upon which our theory may reſt. To them I will alſo add the eyes, thoſe expreſſive luminaries of the body; and I will give you the ſcale of the different powers of theſe ſigns. The complexion indicates the paſſions in general; the conformation, or *enſemble*, thoſe that are moſt habitual to us, and the eyes, their duration, moderation, or exceſſes.

Whoever has reflected on the principles of our nature, well knows, that the fluids as they circulate through the organized matter with which our bodies are compoſed, tinge the very outſides of the channels through which they flow, with their predominant colour. Whether through its tranſparency, or the inceſſant return of thoſe ſame fluids to the ſame places, our ſkin preſerves a ſhade of their native dye, and thus reveals their nature to our knowledge.

Their hues are as varied as their motions: Some run rapidly, while others move but ſlowly; ſome are red, others of a leaden caſt; ſome are yellow, others green and even black. Every one may have remarked that florid viſages wear the appearance of cheerfulneſs, while thoſe of a livid complexion, ſeem dark and ſad. The vivacity of the man endowed with the firſt may be very great, but will not laſt, while that of the other knows no end. When I have been told that ſuch a perſon was of a very lively and excellent temper eaſily burſting into a paſſion but as eaſily appeaſed, the ſole idea which aroſe in my mind was that of a fair and florid complexioned man. When I have heard of a gloomy diſpoſition, the hidden fire of which was never extinguiſhed, my imagination preſented me with a picture of a pale face. You may remark, that love of pleaſure is equally expreſſed by both; but in the firſt it will be productive of follies alone, while in the other it may give birth to the moſt unbridled exceſſes. The former are capable of ſacrificing their lives in the purſuit of enjoyment; the latter of leading thoſe who accompany them in their wild ſearch for it to utter deſtruction.

Pleaſing and lively paſſions are expreſſed by lively colours, and the contrary ones by dark hues. It would be of no avail to bring forward the complexion of the Africans to overturn my argument, as the attentive and conſtant obſerver will diſcover as much real difference between their black, as between the white of the Europeans. But we are more uſed to behold men of our own colour, and ſeldom find ourſelves in company with ſeveral negroes, to be able to deſcry diſtinctly their every ſhade. One inſtance alone will ſuffice to prove the truth of my argument; is not the bluſh of modeſty different from the animated hue of anger? Many people are very ſorry not to have the power of checking their bluſhes in certain caſes, either when they betray the conſciouſneſs of a fault, or proceed from the pure ſpring of innocence afraid of being ſuſpected. But no reaſoning can perſuade me that the reddening ſhame which overſpreads the face of the guilty, can bear any reſemblance to the colour which dies the cheeks of the innocent.

Before I finiſh this letter, I muſt again repeat, that the complexion being only one of the ſigns which I have mentioned, it has no weight but with the concurrence of others, and is in itſelf more liable to error than any other. It denotes the germ of a paſſion, but not its fruits: education, neceſſity, the caprices of fortune, and eſpecially the dictates of religion and virtue, the two celeſtial and inſeparable allies, may ſtifle it in its birth, and the outward appearance may ſtill remain viſible, and deceive our obſervation. In my next I will treat of the conformation or *enſemble* of our bodies and of the eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

Extract from the Medical Repoſitory publiſhed quarterly at New York.

INTERESTING TO FEMALES.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

From a ſcientific and elegant diſſertation on conſumption of the lungs, communicated to Dr. Mitchill, by Dr. Young, of N. York, are extracted the following premonitory remarks.

"But as the prevention of this deſtructive diſeaſe is preferable to the beſt methods of curing it, it is of importance to point out ſome of the cauſes which produce it, eſpecially with reſpect to females. The firſt I ſhall mention is a combination among the Shoemakers, who appear to have reſolved, that as the ladies gowns have no bodies, their ſhoes ſhould have only the ſemblance of a ſole, but ſo narrow that half an inch of the vamp comes to the pavement at every ſtep, and admits the water very freely.—Secondly, I muſt mention the pernicious effects of their bodileſs gowns without ſleeves. When a lady riſes in the morning, ſhe dreſſes comfortably, probably, in a gown with long ſleeves; but Mrs. A. receives the following polite card from Mrs. B. "Mrs B. preſents her moſt reſpectful compliments to Mrs. A. and (having invited a few ſelect friends) requeſts the pleaſure of her company to ſpend a ſociable evening." The weather is cold and damp, but Mrs. B. cannot think of entertaining company in the common room; and about a half an hour before the viſitants are expected, a fire is kindled in the beſt parlour, which had been well ſcrubbed in the forenoon; and to have all things complete, the carpet is laid down before the floor is dry. The time draws near. Mrs. A. retires to a cold room to dreſs, and as a ſuitable ſubſtitute for the warm morning dreſs, adopts thin book or cambrick muſlin, with ſhort wide ſleeves, and other correſponding articles of dreſs. The neck and breaſt are bare, or covered with very thin gauze, and the arms naked almoſt to the ſhoulders. If the breaſt is left open to facilitate the entrance of Cupid's darts, it affords a more certain *mark* for the *envenomed ſhafts* of the *griſly king of terrors*. A muff and tippet may be worn in the ſtreets, but are laid aſide before the room gets warm.

"But Mrs. A. is bedecked in a ſuit much better adapted to the month of Auguſt than December; ſhe looks out of the window and obſerves that it has rained, and that the ſtreets are very wet, but no matter; the walks are pretty dry, and it is but a ſtep. Madam ſets off, and gets her feet wet. When ſhe arrives the fire juſt begins to blaze, the room is cold and damp, but off goes the muff and tippet:

her *feet are wet* and *cold*, but politeneſs will not permit her to dry them: ſhe ſits ſhivering until the fire has warmed the room. The company having all arrived, the warm tea is ſerved about; which with the heat of a crowded room opens the pores and produces a copious perſpiration. At length the company breaks up, and the viſitants return home through the damp nigat air, and find many of their fires extinguiſhed and the rooms cold; they go ſhivering to bed, and are wakened in the morning with a violent *cough* and *hoarſeneſs!*

"The Deity has mercifully adapted the human conſtitution to bear very conſiderable extremes of *heat* and *cold* but the changes from one condition to the other muſt be gradual; as all ſudden changes either from *heat* to *cold*, or from extreme *cold* to *heat* are attended with imminent danger. When a warm morning gown, with long ſleeves and a ſhawl, is exchanged for a thin muſlin without ſleeves, and a gauze handkerchief, the change is too great and too ſudden to be borne with impunity; and any perſon who conſiders the circumſtances can be at no loſs to account for the frequency and fatality of conſumptions. Here is faſhion exhibited on one ſide, attended with *diſeaſe*, *death* and *deſolation*; and common prudence on the other ſide, promiſing *health pleaſure*, and *longevity*, ſubmitted to the choice of rational beings."

THE UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.

A young man, whoſe name was Roberts, was waiting at Marſeilles till ſome paſſenger ſhould enter his boat, that he might ferry him over. A perſon preſently came; but, as Roberts had not the air of a boatman, was going again, ſaying, ſince the boatman was not there, he would find another.

"I am the boatman," ſaid Roberts; "where do you wiſh to go?"

"I would be rowed round the harbour," ſaid the paſſenger, "to enjoy the freſh air of this fine evening; but you have neither the manners nor the air of a mariner."

"I am not a mariner," replied Roberts; "and only employ my time this way on Sundays and holidays to get money."

"What! are you avaricious at your age?"

"Ah! Sir," ſaid Roberts. "if you knew my reaſon for thus employing myſelf, you would not ſuſpect me of ſo mean a vice."

"Well, row me where I have deſired; and be ſo good as to tell me your reaſon."

"I have only one; but that is a dreadful one —my father is in ſlavery!"

"In ſlavery!"

"Yes, Sir; he was a broker in Marſeilles; and, with the money which he and my mother, who is a milliner, had in many years been able to ſave, he purchaſed a part in a veſſel that traded to Smyrna. His deſire to enrich and make his children and his family happy was ſo ſtrong, that he would go in the ſhip himſelf, to diſpoſe of his property to the beſt advantage. They were met and attacked by a corſair; and my father, among the reſt, was carried a ſlave to Tetuan.—His ranſom is a thouſand crowns; but, as he has exhauſted almoſt his whole wealth in that unfortunate adventure, we are very far from poſſeſſing ſuch a ſum. My mother and my ſiſters work day and night and I do the ſame. I am an apprentice to a jeweller; and I endeavour, as you ſee, to profit likewiſe by the ſundays and holidays, when my maſter's ſhop is ſhut. I intended to have gone and freed my father, by exchanging myſelf for him; and was juſt about to put my project into execution, when my mother, coming to the knowledge of it, aſſured me it was impracticable and dangerous, and forbade all the Levant captains to take me on board."

"And do you ever receive news of your father? Do you know who is his maſter at Tetuan, and what treatment he meets with?"

"His maſter is intendant of the king's gardens; he is treated with humanity, and his labour is not beyond his ſtrength, as he writes:—but, alas! where are the comforts he uſed to find in the ſociety of his dear wife and three beloved children?"

"What name does he go by at Tetuan?"

"His name is Roberts: he has never changed his name: for he has no reaſon to be aſhamed of it."

"Roberts, and his maſter is intendant of the king's gardens?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I am affected by your misfortune; and I find your ſentiments ſo noble and ſo virtuous, that I think I dare predict a happier fate to you hereafter; and, I aſſure you, I wiſh you all the happineſs you deſerve:—at preſent I am a little thoughtful; and I hope you will not think me proud, becauſe I am inclined to be ſilent. I would not be thought proud to ſuch men as you."

When it was dark, the paſſenger deſired to be rowed to ſhore; and, as he ſtepped out of the boat, he threw a purſe into it, and ran off with precipitation. The purſe contained eight double louis d'ors, and ten crowns in ſilver. This generoſity made the moſt lively impreſſion upon Roberts; and it was with grief he beheld him run off ſo ſwiftly without ſtaying to receive his thanks. Encouraged by this aſſiſtance the virtuous family of Roberts redoubled their efforts to relieve their common parent, and almoſt denied themſelves a ſufficiency of the moſt ordinary food.

Six weeks after, as the mother and the two daughters were ſitting at dinner over a few cheſnuts, and bread and water, they ſaw Roberts the father, enter. Imagine their joy, their tranſports, their aſtoniſhment! The good old man threw himſelf into their arms, and thanked and kiſſed them a thouſand times for the fifty guineas which he had received after the purchaſe of his freedom, for the payment of his paſſage in the veſſel, for the clothes they had ſent him, and for all the exactneſs and care they had taken in every thing that related to his releaſe and ſafe return; he knew not how to repay ſo much zeal, ſo much love. The mother and daughters liſtened and looked with immoveable ſurpriſe at each other; at laſt the mother broke ſilence:—Her ſon had done it all, ſhe ſaid, though ſhe knew not by what means, and related how, from the firſt moment of his ſlavery, young Roberts would, had ſhe not prevented him, have gone and taken his father's place, how the family had actually in the houſe above five hundred crowns towards his ranſom, which had moſt of it been earned by the labours of young Roberts, &c. The father, on hearing this account was inſtantly ſeized with a moſt painful ſuſpicion that his ſon had taken ſome diſhoneſt method to releaſe him, he could no way elſe account for it:—he ſent for his ſon.

"Unhappy young man!" ſaid he, "what haſt thou done? wouldſt thou have me owe my deliverance to crimes and diſhonour? Thou wouldſt not have kept thy proceedings ſecret from thy mother, had they been upright: I tremble to think that ſo virtuous an affection as parental love ſhould render thee guilty."

"Be calm, my father!" anſwered the young man; "your ſon, I hope, is not unworthy of you; nor is he happy enough to have procured your deliverance, and to prove to him how dear a father is:—no, it is not me! it is—it muſt be—our generous benefactor, whom I met in my boat;—he, my mother, who gave us his purſe: I'll ſearch through the world but I'll find him; he ſhall come and ſee the happineſs he is the author of."

He then told his father the anecdote before related.

The elder Roberts, having ſo good a foundation to begin again, ſoon became rich enough to be at eaſe, and ſettle his children to his ſatisfaction, while the younger made every poſſible effort to diſcover their benefactor. After two years of fruitleſs ſearch, he at laſt met him walking alone on the beach of Marſeilles. He flew to throw himſelf at his feet; but his ſenſations were ſo ſtrong that he fainted. The ſtranger gave him every aſſiſtance, and a crowd of people preſently gathered round them. As ſoon as Roberts came to himſelf, he began to thank him, to call him the ſaviour of his family, and to beg of him to come and ſee the happineſs he was the author of, and receive the bleſſings of thoſe whom he had greatly bleſſed. The ſtranger however, pretended not to underſtand him; and the multitude becoming great by their contention, found an opportunity of mixing with them, and eſcaping from the importunities of Roberts. He was never ſeen nor heard of afterwards by his greatful debtors; and, though the ſtory was ſo extraordinary as ſoon to make its way through France, it was never know till after his death, by his papers, when the famous and immortal MONTESQUIEU was found to be the perſon. The note for 7,500 livers was found; and Mr Mayn, banker of Cadiz, ſaid, he had received it of Monteſquieu, for the releaſe of a ſlave at Tetuan, of the name of Roberts; and it was known that Monteſquieu uſed to viſit his ſiſter, Madam D'Hericourt, who was married, and lived at Marſeilles.

Nothing is more ſtriking than the contraſt between a beautiful cultivated valley and its ſavage boundaries. It ſeems like beauty repoſing in the arms of horror, and ſheltered in it's late retreat from the tempeſts which ſpread their force above.

Humorous.

A NEW READING OF SHAKESPEARE

Two honeſt ſailors having ſauntered into Weſtminſter Abbey, fell in with the tomb of the immortal Shakeſpeare, one of whom undertook to pilot his ſhip-mate through this ſublime paſſage, recorded from his inimitable pen:

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temple, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all who inherit it, ſhall diſſolve;
And like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion
Leave not a wreck behind!

Our honeſt tar, not ſo well underſtanding poetry as to reaf a main-ſail, characteriſtically conſtrued it thus:

The Cloud, captain Towers, St. George's Palaces.
Solomon's Temple, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all who inherit it, ſhall diſſolve;
And like the brazen face of a wizzard
Leave not a wretch behind?

Turning to his companion, in amaze, he exclaimed, L—d Jack, what a terrible fellow he muſt be!

A private ſoldier had three puppies—his captain ſeeing them, aſked him the name of one of them, to which he replied, "Captain," he aſked him the name of the ſecond; he told him his name was Captain; he then aſked him the name of the third, and was ſtill anſwered Captain. The officer replied, "They are all Captains?" "Yes," ſaid the private, "*every puppy is a captain now!*"

Meſſer Carrado, of Naples, had a ſervant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his miſtreſs, cut off the leg of a crane that he was roaſting for his maſter's ſupper. When the bird came on the table, and the maſter aſked what was become of one of its legs, Chinchillo immediately ſwore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his maſter, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, obſerve ſeveral cranes at rooſt on one leg, but his maſter ſhouting, they put down the other leg and flew away; whereupon Chinchillo, perceiving that his maſter was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not ſhout laſt night, for your crane would have put down the other leg and flown away as theſe did, and you would have loſt your ſupper." Carrado laughed, and forgave Chincillo for his wit.

At the commencement of the late war, when the dread off a "*preſs gang*" kept the minds of many in perpetual alarm, an American tar, whom Neptune had not treated with the utmoſt lenity, reſolved to quit his ſtation on *deck*, and ſleep in the *cabin*, till the ſtorm had blown over. Accordingly, with his favourite laſs, he retired ſome miles from Boſton, built a mug little hut, and night and day alternated to his bottle and his Poll. A crew of old meſmates, hearing of Jack's precipitate retirement, made diligent ſearch for his abode. A ſhort period marked their ſucceſs. The hut which was elevated on large ſtumps, and of no great ſize, preſented an object to gratify their humor. In the dead of the night, theſe brethren of the ſea raiſed the hut on their ſhoulders, and tranſported it from the ſide of a hill, where it ſtood, into the centre of a pine grove, at a mile's diſtance. This performed, they returned unperceived. At the dawn of day, Jack as was uſual opening the door to paſs a judgment on the weather, was ſaluted by a *pine bough*, which very *forcibly* complimented his face with a "*good morning.*" Never having read of queen Mab's incantations, he was at a loſs to conjecture how he could have run ſo many knots in ſo few hours. At length rubbing his eyes ſeveral times ſays, "*D—mm me Poll, unleſs my lights are in a ſea fog, we've been dragging our Anchors all night!*"

A jury, who were directed to bring a priſoner in guilty, upon his own confeſſion, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The aſtoniſhed judges demanded the reaſon. 'May it pleaſe your honour,' ſays the foreman, 'the fellow is ſo great a liar, that we cannot believe him.'

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED,—In Philadelphia on Thurſday the 12th inſt, Mr. Gabriel Gareſche, Merchant, to Miſs Louiſa Frances Du Ponceau, daughter of Peter S. Du Ponceau, Eſq. Councellor at Law, alſo of that City.

——On the 15th inſt. in Philadelphia, D. D. William Henry Webſter, Comedian, to Miſs Rebecca Meircken, of that City.

——At Lebanon, Benjamin Silliman, Eſq. Profeſſor of Chemiſtry and Natural Hiſtory in Yale College, to Miſs Harriot Trumbull daughter of the late Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut.

DEATHS.

——On Tueſday the 3d inſt. Mr. Alexander Frazer, (Silk and Wooled dyer) of this city, a native of Scotland.

——On Wedneſday 14th ult. Mr. Peter Price, of this City.

——On Thurſday the 12th inſt. Mr. John Banks of this city.

——On Tueſday laſt, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, the amiable conſort of Colonel Adams, of this place.

——In Peterſburg on Monday 9th inſt. Mrs, Nancy Call Wilder wife of Mr. John Wilder, caſhier of the bank of that place.

——Lately at Stamford, Mr. Daniel Lambert, whoſe immence bulk attracted a great number of viſitors, when he a ſhort time ſince exhibited himſelf in London. He arrived there on the preceeding day, and ſent for a printer in the evening to give inſtructions for printing ſome bills announcing his intention of exhibiting himſelf; but this intention was fruſtrated by his ſudden death early on Wedneſday morning. He was in his 40th year. He weighed 52 ſtone 11lbs at 14lb to the ſtone, 739lbs. being, 10 ſtone 11lb heavier, than Mr. Bright of Eſſex. His coffin is, 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep.---It was fixed upon two axeltrees and four cog wheels, upon which his remains were rolled to the grave.--He meaſured 3 yards 4 inches round the body, and 1 yard, 1 inch round the legs. His clothes coſt him about 20l, a ſuit.

JUST PUBLISHED,

From the Viſitor Preſs, an ORATION delivered at the Capitol on the 3d of Auguſt 1809, by Robert S. Garnett, "On the influence of the arts and ſciences on individual and national happineſs."—Price 25 cts. For ſale at the different Book-Stores in the city and at this office.

The Fifth vol. of the Domestic Encylcopedia

Has been miſſing for ſome time from my book-caſe. The perſon who borrowed, or took it away, is reſpectfully informed that returning it, as ſoon as poſſible, will confer a favor on

Alex: Quarrier.

Sept. 22, 1809. tf

Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire.

Any perſon poſſeſſing this work, would confer a particular favor by giving information at this office where it may be referred to.

WANTS EMPLOYMENT,

A perſon experienced in buſineſs would wiſh to be employed in a counting-houſe, ſtore, or to regulate trade mens books or accounts: He has a knowledge of ingroſſing inſtruments of writing, &c. ſatisfactory referrence of his character &c, would be given by application to the Printers hereof.

Richmond; October 20th, 1809.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

On revisiting in Autumn a place where the author had not been for many years.

Ye beauteous shades how oft have vernal gales,
Their fragrant odours wafted o'er the vales,
How oft has spring thy blooming sweets renew'd,
Since here my steps thy winding paths pursued;
Now pensive slow I mark each various change
That time has made where once I loved to range,
How grownt how lovely these o'er arching trees
That wave majestic with the passing breeze,
These willows now with pendant branches crown'd,
Then trifling shrubs scarce seen above the ground,
This stream that slowly glided from its source,
By time encreas'd, is rapid in its course,
Oft bursts its bounds and bids the impetuous wave,
The distant hills and verdant vallies lave.
I too am changed but not like you improv'd,
Youth's vivid tints have ever fleeting proved:
Too swiftly fly those sweetly pleasing hours,
When youthful fancy's facinating powers,
Gives to each scene the animated glow,
Its transient moments can alone bestow;
Hope then some scenes of future blessings drew,
That time has torn forever from my view;
Her potent smiles dispell'd each various care
And soothed a heart unwounded by despair;
Here careless then I cull'd each various flower
Or sought as fancy led the umbrageous bower,
With some young friends on whom I careless lent
Friends like myself, gay thoughtless and content:
Ye flowers, ye friends, I seek ye now in vain,
No trace of either in these shades remain;
Those flowers that spring profusely scattered here,
Fragile in form, soon fade and disappear,
My friends long since life's busy cares pursue,
And one to all has bade her last adieu;
Yes sweet Eliza where yon yew trees wave,
I oft with tears behold thy youthful grave,
Recall thy form and see thy tresses flow,
O'er neck far whiter than the alpine snow;
See thy cheek pale when love his smiles withdrew,
And bathed in tears thy eyes of deepest blue;
But thou art gone—nor didst thou ever know,
Life's keenest pang its far severest woe;
Thou hadst not felt—my pen thy task decline
Nor dare my heart at providence repine;
All, all must end,—e'vn thou must cease to grieve,
When the dark grave this hapless form receive,
Then trust that he who first thy feelings gave,
Will judge with justice but with mercy save. *M. M.*

On taking up a flower a lady threw away.

Sweet drooping flower by me more highly prised,
That when the morn thy glowing tints disclosed;
For on my Laura's bosom you've reposed,
Tho' now like me rejected and despised.

She placed thee so nigh to her heart,
Of its coldness perhaps you partake,
Ah! to mine then that coldness impart;
And I'll cherish you still for her sake.

But why shou'd I wish to resign;
A passion I've nourished so long?
For tho' I must ne'er call her mine,
To love her can never be wrong. *M. M.*

MESSR'S EDITORS.

The following stanzas are but the effusions of the moment.—They were prompted by that sympathy or feeling which a perusal of the excellent and admired novel of the "Children of the Abbey," a production of Regina Maria Roche, is so eminently calculated to excite. If you think them admissible in the Visitor, they are very respectfully presented by your

Obedient Servant,

H.

Sweet minstrel who can touch with matchless skill,
Each passions chord, each fibre of the heart,
What power divine inspires the Magic thrill?
What Heav'nly Muse instructs thee in her art?

Teach me by what resistless Charm you tell,
The tale of meek-ey'd pity and of woe;
That bends each feeling in its potent spell,
And bids the stream of sympathy to flow.

What heaven-born light illumes thy lovely mind,
Enthrones thy spirit in its spotless ray,
That beams its soft effulgence on mankind,
Who yield with rapture to its gentle sway.

Sure some Celestial artist from above,
For thee has wing'd his ærial flight below,
And bade thy magic pencil's power to move,
To paint Amanda's sad despairing woe.

What soul unmov'd could read the piteous tale,
What eye unmoisen'd with compassion's tear;
Nor injured virtue's hapless fate bewail,
Nor frown at vile seducing ruins snare.

But still that power that pre-ordain'd those pangs,
A lovely maid was destin'd to endure,
Could hover o'er and blunt the hideous fangs,
Of ruthless villany's deceptive lure.

That self same hand that mark'd the intricate path,
A suffering seraph was thus doom'd to tread,
Could blast a wretch like Belgrave with its wrath,
And heap its direful thunders on his head.

That power which bids the pitying tear to flow,
Unchains the mind and leaves its wanderings free,
Which gives a luxury to mental woe,
That envied power, sweet Roche, belongs to thee.

The peerless wreath around thy brow entwin'd,
The proud memento of immortal fame,
While others have their verdant tints resign'd
In deathless bloom shall eternize thy name.

ADIEU.

Tell me, Ah; tell me not adieu,
In pity to a feeling heart;
Our joys alas have been but few,
And with those few, we're doom'd to part.

When absent, I shall think of thee,
As of some friendly star; that rose
To cheer me—or some blooming tree,
Whose fragrance lull'd me to repose

When thou art gone, my ardent mind,
Dwelling on pleasures past recall:
Will, sinking, be to grief resigned;
For, losing thee,—it loses all.

No more of happiness in store,
By cruel fate, I'm doom'd to sigh;
So cruel,—that I must deplore,
Till, by heaven decreed, I die!

Then water with a friendly tear,
The turf which presses on my heart;
There friendship's ear, can never hear,
The cruel mandate,—"we must part." EMMA.

Selected Poetry.

From an ancient Engliſh Publication.

The reader will perceive that the following poem is built on the text prefixed, and that the firſt line of each ſtanza is borrowed from it.

Behold, alas! our days we ſpend;
How vain they be, how ſoon they end.

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough of old
To meaſure out the life of man;
In thoſe well temper'd days, his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but three ſcore years and ten,

Alas!
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what,
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeven ſhort ſtages o'er, their ſhort lived taſk is done.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To ſleep, to antic plays,
And toys, until the firſt ſtage end;
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs; we rather breathe than live.

We ſpend
A ten year's breath,
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live or fear a death;
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with painted joys,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe awhile, and waking, prove but toys!

How vain
How wretched is
Poor man that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a ſtate as this
His days are ſhort at longeſt; few at moſt;
They are but hard at beſt; yet laviſh'd out or loſt.

They be
The ſecret ſprings,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift than eagle's wings!
Our life's a clock, and every gaſp of breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till time ſhall ſtrike a death!

How ſoon
Our new born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how ſoon to grey hair'd night!
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſom and we blaſt,
E'er we can count our days, our days they flee ſo faſt.

They end
When ſcarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man count thy days; and if they fly too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the laſt.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Away with your fiction of flimſy romance,
Thoſe tinſues of falſehood which folly has wove;
Give me the mild beam of the ſoul-breaking glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the firſt kiſs of love.

Ye rhymers whoſe boſoms with fantacy glow,
Whoſe paſtoral paſſions are made for the grove;
From what bleſt inſpiration your ſonnets would flow,
Could you ever have taſted the firſt kiſs of love.

If Apollo ſhould e'er his aſſiſtance refuſe,
Or the Nine be diſpos'd from your ſervice to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muſe,
And try the effect of the firſt kiſs of love.

I hate you, ye cold compoſitions of art,
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effuſions that ſpring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the firſt kiſs of love.

Your ſhepherds, your flocks—thoſe fantaſtical themes,
Perhaps may amuſe, yet they never can move,
Arcadia diſplays but a region of dreams:
What are viſions like thoſe to the firſt kiſs of love?

Oh ceaſe to affirm, that man, ſince his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedneſs ſtrove;
Some portion of paradiſe ſtill is on earth,
And Eden revives in the firſt kiſs of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleaſures are paſt,
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,—
The deareſt remembrance will ſtill be the laſt,
Our ſweeteſt memorial, the firſt kiſs of love.

Good reaſons for Good things.

I love to drink; becauſe my ſpirits riſe,
And, mounting upwards, revel in the ſkies:
I love to ſmoke; for, as its curls aſcend,
They kindly mix with others from my friend:
I love to laugh: for, ſtarting at the noiſe,
Care, Grief, and Envy fly from merry boys—
I love to kiſs—for beauty warms the heart,
And joys, no 'ongue can tell, her ſmiles impart.

JULIA MARIA!—*A Jeu D'Eſprit.*

In days of old, when firſt refinement's light
Broke thro' the miſt of chaos and of night!
Our great great-grandmother's were giv'n alone,
Such humble Chriſtian names as *Maud* and *Joan!*
E'en *Arc's* heroic *Maid* the latter bore,
And *Maud*—a celebrated queen of yore.
But ſuch th' improvement of our poliſh'd age,
And ſuch the revolutionary rage,
That milk and fiſh-fags now are Arabellas,
Louiſas, Julias, Caroſines, and Stellas.
As t'other day a *fiſh-wench* trail'd along,
And "Sprats as big as herrings, ho!" her ſong,
She thus addreſt—in accents far from mild---
Nay, Stentor like—her filthy wand'ring child.
"*Julia Maria!* little imp of evil!
"Come from the kennel, come—you dirty devil!"

EPIGRAM.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His ſpouſe is in deſpair;
With frequent ſobs and mutual cries
They both expreſs their care.

A diff'rent cauſe, ſays Parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he ſhall die,
His wife that he will live.

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